

THE
Johnson Journal



Winter Issue, 1938

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL



YOUR FUTURE

Alice and Mary were leisurely going through the process of gathering up the books that would be needed in preparing their lessons. The room had long since been dismissed but that peculiar laziness that we all experience at some time seemed to have come over the two friends. Suddenly Mary broke the silence with the following query:

"Alice, what are you going to be, anyway?"

Alice smiled to herself, cupped her pretty chin in a dainty palm, and said, "Oh, I guess I'll be a nurse, or maybe a secretary, or..." Here she paused for she couldn't decide whether she would look better in a stiff, white uniform, the pride and joy of her patients, or in pert collars and cuffs, elegant, lordly and aloof.

Mary in her turn smiled inwardly for since she was a bit more matured than Alice, she was able to read her chum's thoughts.

"Don't be silly, dear. It's not all white uniforms and that!"

How absolutely right Mary was! Being a nurse does not consist in wearing smart white uniforms and being worshipped by suffering patients as you cool their fevered brow with your firm hand. Being a doctor is not a round of luxurious offices, acclaim and glory. Being a scientist does not consist of great discoveries and great rewards. Being a secretary is not all high salaries and smart clothes. Being a teacher is not accomplished with a snap of the fingers. Far from it!

When you are deciding on becom-

ing a nurse or a doctor, think of the long hours on your feet, the nervous strain, the interminable training period and the too often lack of appreciativeness. Remember that a scientist often spends his whole lifetime developing one single theory or process and often without reward. To become a secretary one must rise from the ranks. Remember that a teacher is made only after hard, long hours of study, and that when she does receive her diploma, there are thousands of hopefuls waiting with her, not only for teaching positions but for every occupation mentioned.

You have now briefly been able to picture in your mind both sides of the issue. If you are in Alice's class you have now, in all probability, renounced all thoughts of a vocation at the thought of the hardships, but if you are of a more resolute stock, the picture of these obstacles will only strengthen your resolve to achieve your ambition, and I shall have achieved mine.

Annette Silverstein '38

MINDING YOUR NEIGHBORS' BUSINESS

People are funny, aren't they? They have a perfectly good life of their own to live and yet they insist on minding their neighbors' affairs. I once met a man, who, when asked, couldn't tell you how much he had in the bank, but he knew that Mr. So and So next door had five thousand dollars in the B & B Trust Co.

The time when we seem most curious is when new neighbors arrive. Here is a topic I can expand or air

my long bent up views upon. Mrs. A is in back of the living room curtain explaining to Mr. A the mystery of the new neighbors with the precision of Sherlock Holmes. Mr. A's only interest in them is whether the head of the family, (we are supposing this is the man), knows who is going to win the presidential election and why. Mrs. B across the way is nearly breaking her neck trying to see without being seen. The children next door have been instructed to make friends with the new children and find out their history from A to Z. In order to obtain recognition, and become the center of interest, it seems that all you have to do is move to a new locality.

This essay is not meant as a hint to anybody, for we are all of the same species, but we all could learn a lesson from the story of the fox who ate stolen grapes. He minded business other than his own and ended up in trouble. Moral: Mind your own business.

Dorothy Sutton '38

SLANG

Slang expressions are childish and the work of lazy men. People use slang words because they do not know the proper word and think that the expressions are "smart." When a child is young, his vocabulary is limited; therefore, he invents his own word to describe a particular scene or object and uses that word for each occasion. So in the case of the lazy man. He is too lazy and ignorant to go to a dictionary to find the meaning of a particular word. Because he is idle, he invents a vocabulary of his own which consists of slang words and expressions. Swell, attaboy, get his goat, peachy, apple sauce, spill the beans, cut it out, get's into one's hair, and hit the hay, are only a few of the hundreds of other

slang words and expressions which serve for every occasion and limit our vocabulary to a great extent. Certain slang phrases are considered "smart" for the time being but soon go out of fashion and become antiques. Phrases that were once popular and now are outmoded and antiques are expressions like skidoo, izzat so, wanna buy a duck, was you dere, Sharley, and raspberries.

Slang has many disadvantages. One disadvantage which affects us immediately is its effect upon our English as a language and English in school. If we use slang too fluently we will come to use it whether we know it or not, thinking it will not affect us in any way. Another drawback is that an employer will not take a man who uses slang. It has no place in our serious world of business. Therefore, a slang-minded individual will have a difficult time to secure a responsible position. In conclusion, slang may be summed up as a bad habit—a very bad habit—which we should try to overcome as though it were a horrible disease.

Stella Kozlowski '38

LEISURE

Modern life is characterized by more leisure for everyone. Thus it is necessary for everyone to spend his leisure in some way which is enjoyable to him, and which will benefit him. Those who waste their leisure time are really just boring themselves, and they are gaining nothing from it. This boredom is unnecessary because today there are numerous ways by which everyone could adjust himself to his leisure. It is never too late to take up a hobby. A bored and restless person might find a purpose in living if he would choose some definite activity for his leisure time. There are hundreds of hobbies, some

cheap and some expensive. Therefore, there is no earthly reason why everyone shouldn't have a hobby to take up his leisure time. Aside from hobbies, there are many other forms of useful recreation. Those who do not wish to participate in any active form of recreation may choose the radio, the movies, or watching a sport of some kind, such as baseball, football, tennis, etc. If they wish to have peace and quietness they may turn to reading. Those who enjoy active recreation may actually participate in some sport, or in something which may suit their fancy. Thus, we see that it is a very easy task for everyone to spend his leisure to the best advantage.

Barbara Hainsworth '38

BYGONES

I believe in the old saying, "Let bygones be bygones." People should not hold grudges against one another for little mistakes that are made. It can never do them any good, and in most cases it does harm.

Many people have lost a good friend just because they would not let some little incident be a bygone. When you have lost the friend, you begin to worry about it and wonder what is wrong. It is now too late to think of that because the incident is over and you are left minus one friend and with a bothered mind.

William Whittaker '38



LITERARY



THAT DREADFUL DAY

The place: Jimmy's bedroom.

The time: 6:30 o'clock Wednesday morning.

The door of Jimmy's bedroom softly opened. His mother walked in.

"Get up. Don't forget you've got to go today."

The only answer was a muffled grunt. Then followed ten minutes of silence. Again the command.

This time she was answered.

"All right, all right. Give me time. I suppose you'd get up in a hurry, if you had to go where I'm going."

"Never mind what I'd do. This concerns you."

A lazy, dejected looking piece of humanity rolled onto the floor.

He picked himself up and looked out of the window. The sun was shining and birds were singing. Any

other morning he would have whistled or sung. But this morning? Oh no!

He pulled on his pants and dug a shirt out of the drawer.

Into the bathroom he walked. Some clean refreshing water was in the wash-bowl. He just glanced at the water and walked to the breakfast table.

"Did you get washed?"

"Sure. Don't I look clean?"

Nothing more was said.

At 7:45 he started for his destination. Street after street. Finally he came upon a red building on Main Street, Johnson High School.

He cast a look of scorn at the building.

But everything turned out all right. Right now he's writing this story.

James Dewhirst '41

REVENGE

"73021, 73021, you're wanted in the warden's office." A bent-over, gray-haired prisoner arose from his bench in the carpenter shop in Leavenworth Prison. A queer smile passed over his face as he slowly followed the guard who had been yelling for him. At last it had come. The pardon he had waited fifteen long years for had come at last.

As he entered the office he was greeted by the warden who began his well memorized speech on how to live honestly after leaving prison. But 73021 had heard this same speech many times before when the warden was making it to other prisoners. The mind of the convict wandered back fifteen years. He was thinking of a hotel lobby in Times Square, New York. A man had been shot and the murderer's weapon was found on him. He wasn't the murderer and he didn't put the gun in his pocket, but somebody did and that's who he was going to find. He had lived those fifteen years in prison with the one thought in mind, "revenge." This thought had become an obsession with him and he couldn't sleep nights. Now his revenge was possible. He'd find the coward and make him suffer for those fifteen long years.

* * * *

73021, as he had been called in Leavenworth, had been out of prison for a month now and every day he would walk down to the hotel on Times Square to sit in the lobby for a few hours.

One day as he sat in the lobby a middle-aged man with a gray felt hat and a cigar in his mouth walked in and stood nervously in the middle of the floor. Suddenly the ex-convict saw a gun from the rear door point towards the middle-aged man with the cigar. Our hero jumped in front of the intended victim and the bullet

pierced his skull, lodging in the back of his brain. He died instantly.

The middle-aged man with the cigar looked down at the dead, and a strange look passed over his face. He was thinking back fifteen years when he had murdered a man in this same lobby and had got rid of the gun by putting it in the pocket of an innocent bystander.

Arthur Banker '39

BACK SEAT DRIVING

"Slow down," cried Mrs. Watts, "look out for the curve! Don't go too near the edge of the road!" All this was said in one deep breath by a little old woman, who sat in the back seat twitching her thumbs nervously. The machine was proceeding up a country road, at the rapid speed of thirty miles an hour. When the car had reached the top of the rise, Mrs. Watts began her chatter again.

"Put it in second, Willy dear. Better pull the emergency brake up."

This continued until finally Willy Watts replied, "For goodness sakes, shut up!"

Mrs. Watts was unusually quiet the rest of the way to the city. But just as soon as they began to proceed through the city she began again, "Look out for the side streets."

"Why," replied her husband innocently, "they won't jump up and bite me, will they?"

"Willy, you know what I mean," squealed Mrs. Watts in her angriest tone.

"Don't you think that it was a lovely scene from the..."

"Willy, watch out for the stop lights," interrupted Mrs. Watts.

"Oh! What's the use of talking to you, Clary Watts?" disgustedly replied Mr. Watts.

"Stop the machine. There's Mrs. Toller" yelled Clary.

"Yo! Ho! Mrs. Talker, want a ride home?"

"Why how do you do," said Mrs. Talker. "I certainly do."

"Hop in then," replied Willy.

They had proceeded almost through the whole city, before Mrs. Watts knew her husband was driving without her assistance, but before she could give her advice, other advice was forthcoming.

"Look out for the little boy!" screamed Mrs. Talker.

"Oh! I thought you were going to hit him."

"I didn't come any where near him," defended Willy.

They let Mrs. Talker out at her home and proceeded to the Watts mansion. Mr. Watts was completely angry by this time, and he followed Clary into the kitchen where she was starting to make supper.

"The potatoes are burning," mocked Willy. "Don't put too much butter into those meat balls."

"Hush up, Willy," quivered Clary.

"Oh! The spinach is sticking," again mocked Willy. "Hurry with some water, the beans are burning, too."

James Stewart '38

A TRAGIC STORY

The scene was a beautiful, rustic garden,

The colors a rainbow hue;
And there sat a lovely, lonely maid,
Awaiting her lover true.

The maid was sweet to look upon,
But in her lovely eyes,
One could see the pain and trouble there,

As she gazed across the skies.

She gazed at a beautiful, crimson flower,

Held in her milk white hand;
But her heart was locked away in a tower,

That was in a far-off land.

But miles away in a cold, bleak tower,

Alone in a small, dark room;
Sat the lonely prince—sad and forlorn,

And he was awaiting his doom.

But over the hill in a cloud of dust,
A troop of horsemen rode;
They had come to rescue the handsome prince,

And return to his father's abode.

The prince returned to his father's home;

They found that he was dying;
And when he saw his maiden fair.
Her eyes were red from crying.

The prince lay there for many days,
And he was close to death;
And when the maiden came to call,
The prince drew his last breath.

The scene was a beautiful, rustic garden,

The colors a rainbow hue;
And there sat a lovely, lonely maid,
Still waiting her lover true.

Barbara Dearden '41

DO YOU BELIEVE IN...?

Anne sauntered through the woods looking for some trailing arbutus for Mother. Suddenly she came upon a grassy knoll beside a babbling brook overhung with newly-budding trees of fresh green. It was so cool and peaceful here that Anne decided to sit down and rest.

As her glance strayed in awe at the beauty surrounding her, she heard a tiny, quarrelsome voice say,

"Will you get out of here? There's plenty of other places to sit, and besides you're squashing me most to death with your knee and ruining my favorite seat."

There is no need to say how surprised Anne was as she quickly arose and peered curiously at the spot where her knee had been resting.

There sat a little, roly-poly man about the size of a thimble, pointing and pointing his finger so vigorously in his ejaculations that his tiny body shook. He was seated on a somewhat crushed and bedraggled toadstool at which he kept looking curiously but mournfully, as if he wondered that it was left standing at all. His tiny once pointed cap was now flattened, showing only ears that had been pushed down and were now sticking out straight from a little above the middle, and a pair of beady eyes peering from beneath a dilapidated brim.

"Well, my goodness, who are you?" said Anne. "I am sorry if I frightened you, but how was I to know you were sitting there?"

"Glory be, you are dumb, aren't you? Why, everybody knows me. I'm the wise man of King Gari's court. My name is Sagey, and heavens above, don't you ever look before you sit down? Now what if you sat on a snake?"

Sagey's words came in such rapid succession that they sounded as though they were being shot from a repeater. Anne wondered that he hadn't become short of breath long ago. Poor Anne, for once, was at a loss for words but Sagey didn't help her. He just sat there seemingly waiting for her to speak. Finally she questioned rather helplessly, "Who is King Gari?" This caused another rapid flow of words.

"My, my, someone told me humans were smart 'cause they went to school but you surely aren't an example.

"Well, I'll tell you, but for goodness sake lie down here before I break my neck or fall off this chair trying to see you. Ready? Well now, King Gari is the ruler of our elfin domain, Spiteville. He is a great ruler and we are very proud of him."

"I just know he's nice, but where is your kingdom and how did you get here?" inquired Anne.

"Mercy me, don't talk so loud or you'll blow me away or deafen me, at least," snapped Sagey. "Spiteville is in that hollow tree over there and even members of the court must take sentinel duty, so that's what I'm doing here. I think I will ask the king about you. Maybe he will let you see Spiteville. Come along, and don't tramp on me. Mercy, but you're big."

Anne stepped carefully and silently along keeping her eyes fastened on Sagey's tiny figure running along at her feet. A few seconds later they came to the hollow tree. Sagey climbed up the clumps of moss, evidently serving as steps up the trunk of the tree, to a hollow between two branches, and vanished inside. As Anne peered in, all she could see was a small, dark tunnel. How did Sagey think the King was going to see her unless he came out? At this point her tiny friend reappeared and stated that King Gari would like to see Anne, so, consequently, would she please drink this.

At first Anne couldn't see what he meant, and then she discovered that he carried a tiny silver cup so small that it held only a fourth of a drop of liquid. Eyeing it suspiciously she swallowed it, almost devouring, too, the tiny cup which she could scarcely hold. Suddenly she felt herself shrinking. Smaller and smaller she grew until she could easily take Sagey's hand and follow him into the passage.

They came first through a verdant meadow pied with daisies and tiny hedgerows and animals. It looked like an English countryside. Then she saw the palace. It was made of gold with trellises of budding roses and ivy climbing up and clinging to its sides. Several wee men, arrayed in original grenadiers' costumes, stood before the door. As she approached, the herald, attired in a

costume not unlike that of Robin Hood, blew his trumpet.

Anne was ushered down the aisle of a beautiful and enormous room, at the head of which sat the tiny king on his gold-set, pearl-studded throne. He was arrayed in an ermine robe with royal purple doublet and hose. On his head was a sparkling crown set in precious gems. Anne knelt, or rather was pushed to a kneeling position by Sagey before him. He raised his hand in welcome and then whispered to a courtier, who hastily departed. Everyone seemed to be waiting for something. It was very quiet and the king spoke not a word to Anne. Suddenly, in bounded a unique little person.

He was taller than the rest and was dressed like the Pied Piper. He carried a small flute, and playing it, skipped toward them. Upon arriving he made a mock courtesy, falling down in an odd fashion with his eyes straight up in the air as if he had intended to do it. Cleverly throwing his legs over his head he somersaulted to his feet, and punning, took his place at the king's side. The king and courtiers laughed heartily and so Anne, not wishing to offend, giggled.

A few moments later the courtier returned followed by servants bearing tiny cups of tea and platters of cup cakes with fancy icing. The king again raised his arm and surprisingly everyone relaxed and began to drink tea and eat the delicious cakes. Anne ate with relish and as she was very hungry she realized that her mother would be worried. She moved toward Sagey and acquainted him with the fact. He sighed drowsily, then murmured,

"Oh, goodness, yes I suppose so."

He moved to the king and whispered in his ear. The king again raised his hand, the courtier blew

his trumpet and Anne found herself again on the grassy knoll by the hurrying brook, restored to her regular size.

She hurried home and found anxious parents awaiting her. She didn't want to tell them about her adventure so she said she had been playing in the woods and had fallen asleep and as Mother tucked her in her little trundle-bed she murmured drowsily, "I'm going to Spiteville again some day."

Eleanor Parker '39

THE SENIOR FRESHMAN BALL

The fourth of November we'll always remember,

'Twas the Senior-Freshman dance.

We girls were all dressed in our Sunday best,

The boys in their new long pants.

The Senior president arose

To greet us one and all,

And when he finished his short speech,

Applause rang through the hall.

The orchestra then began to play

The first waltz of the night.

The boys arose and got us girls

And took us to meet our plight.

And then the greatest event of the dance,

The Grand March, what a thrill!

The boys arose and chose their girls

And marched them through a drill.

The eats came next, ice cream and cake;

We got them at the door.

We were satisfied with what we had

And did not ask for more.

Then the strains of the last waltz

Came floating through the hall,

A sign that it had ended,

Our Senior-Freshman Ball.

Helen Lang '41

TWO BOYS ARGUING

Tim stepped forward and informed the world and Joe that he could and would ride any horse in the string.

"You wouldn't dare ride the pinto," snorted Joe.

"I'll ride that flea bitten ice horse any day in the week and make him like it," snarled Tim, stepping forward, bracing himself, arms akimbo, and extending his jaw belligerently.

"Talk's cheap," said Joe scornfully.

"What'll you bet?" demanded Tim.

"My silver bugle," tempted Joe, "but I know you're afraid."

"Listen," shouted Tim, "my grandfather fought the Indians and he says I can ride almost as well as he can."

"I don't believe you," said Joe.

"You call me a liar?" sneered Tim, sliding into his best Joe Louis pose.

"Well, I—I—look!" shouted Joe.

With a sudden clang the merry-go-round started, and with a triumphant look, Tim mounted the pinto mare.

Michael J. Koroskys '38

THE VALIANT KNIGHT

A knight was riding on the field;

He saw a maiden fair;

He gazed with wondrous joy and thought,

A girl like her was rare.

He stroked his horse's milk white mane,

He looked across the field;

He saw his rival riding forth,

To make him die or yield.

He braced his lance, he raised his sword,

He saw his foe's cold eye;

He felt the thrust of his enemy's lance,

And he saw LaFauntz draw nigh.

He fought with all his might and main,

Until LaFauntz was dead;

And then he saw the world go round;

His wound was deep and red.

Nineteen hours he lay in bed,

Without a sign of life;

He ope'd his eyes and looked at her;

He had found himself a wife.

John Greenler '41

SKIING

To twist and turn down the long ski track,

With the breeze at your cheek, and the wind at your back;

Sliding by trees that are silent and still;

And the shouts of forgotten ones back on the hill;

The thrill of the jump when you've mastered the grade,

And you fly through the air, to land in the glade.

As you swiftly descend to the end of the trail,

You sigh that it's over and grasp the guard rail.

Elinor Cole '40

A QUIET AFTERNOON

WITH A BABY

The war is on! The enemy's guns and bombs begin to shatter upon the house. Or would I be correct in saying it is time for the baby to have a little lung exercise? Ah lungs! what a child would do without them, heaven knows. I wish sometimes they had never been invented. If you have ever lived near a grove of pines and had the hooting of owls keep you awake, you say it is disgusting, but, my friends, have you ever listened to the annoying psalms of a howling baby?

At the first outburst a flash goes through your mind—are there pins sticking into him—is he hungry, does

he need clean clothing? You say that he doesn't. Then pray, my friends, what is the matter with him? At that moment a large cave is thrown open and a set of tender little gums greets your eyes. Was that his tonsils I saw, or am I seeing things? It doesn't make much difference; he's bawling anyway.

All is well again in about three hours. A quiet enjoyable afternoon was had by all who were not there.

Never mind, look at the poor little darling. His howl is gone, the tear streaked face is dry, and the sour look has left his soft, pudgy face. The poor mite, he never disturbs anybody, he just sits and coos, and gurgles.

Oh, what, another war?

I am "regusted."

Elizabeth Rennie '38

GET BEHIND THE TEAM

Although we're not ahead, folks,
And everything may seem
Definitely against us,
Get behind the team!

Although the forwards "totter"
And the centers start to dream
Do as you know you "otter,"
Get behind the team!

Holler, "We want a basket,"
And strange as it may seem
You'll find the victory worth more
If you get behind the team!

When the guards begin to stumble
And the forwards lose their steam
Don't sit there and grumble,
Get behind the team!

Even though the coaches
Sit there calm; serene;
Holler and yell and cheer them,
Get behind the team!

Frances McRobbie '39



CHATTER



CLUB NOTES

DRAMATIC AND CHEFS' CLUBS

A combined party consisting of members of the Dramatic and Chefs' Clubs was held on December 15, at the North Andover Clubhouse. The entertainment provided consisted of dancing and game playing followed by refreshments.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

On December 22, the Chemistry Club had a Christmas party. Moving pictures of a scientific nature were shown, followed by refreshments.

The Chemistry Club visited Phillips Academy in Andover on January 19. The places visited were the "Science Building" and the "Addison Art Gallery."

PRACTICAL ARTS CLUB

A toboggan party was held on January 11 by the members of this club. A weenie roast was included on the program. It was held in the evening and was chaperoned by Miss Buckley.

The Practical Arts Club at present is making scrapbooks for the Children's Hospital in Boston.

ETIQUETTE CLUB

On Thursday, December 23, the members of the Etiquette Club put on a play entitled "Christmas is for Children."

Members of the cast were: Mary Gray, Herbert Barwell, Ruby Cochran, William Mackie, Elaine Farnham.

At the conclusion of the play boxes which consisted of donations from the various classes were put upon the stage. Thomas Sullivan, President of the Senior Class, read the contents of the boxes and presented them to Mr. Hainsworth, member of the Board of Welfare, to distribute to the needy children of our town. The whole assembly sang Christmas carols after which the students were provided with refreshments through the kindness of the faculty and Mrs. Costello.

FRENCH CLUB

At Christmas time the French Club studied the customs of the French people at this time. Several interesting talks were given on "Home Life in France" and the "Educational System in France." At present the Club is rehearsing a French play which is to be given at one of the meetings. Members of the Club have memorized the "Marseillaise."

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club held its annual debate January 5, before the assembly. The matter debated upon was: Resolved: That the unicameral legislation of government should be adopted by the various states. The participants were: Affirmative—Milton Howard, Allan Towne, Horace Hayman. Negative—Brian McKiernan, Charles Foster, Robert Miller. Arikur Currier acted as chairman. The debate was won by the negative side. The material was interesting and very well composed.

BASKETBALL CLUB

A Christmas party was held by this club on December 15. The members exchanged gifts, played games and had refreshments.

Arrangements have been made for a combined party with the basketball team of Howe High School.

GLEE CLUB

The members of the Glee Club are arranging plans for an assembly program. A committee of three has been chosen: Frances Lefebvre, Helen Lang, and Constance Kruschwitz. An excellent program is promised.

VARIETY PROGRAM

The assembly program on December 5 consisted of talent from our school. The participants and their acts were as follows:

Dolly Phair	Tap Dance
John Ranfone and Ernest Viger	Harmonica Duet
Lenora St. Jean	Solo
Dorothea Costello	Song and Dance
Joseph Willis and Philip Miller	Skit (Cohen's Divorce)
Hatch's Orchestra	Popular Selections

Through the efforts of the above and Miss Edith Jensen the assembly was successful.

FRESHMEN-SENIOR PARTY

The Freshman-Senior party was held Friday night, December 10. The success of the party was undoubtedly due to the untiring efforts of those on the committee, namely: Robert Sullivan, Edward Garneau, William Lafond, Joseph Willis, Helena Polichnowski, Madeline Cashman, Barbara Dearden.

Miss McAloon and Miss Buckley were the faculty advisers. Entertainment was provided by the talented of the Freshman Class.

Participants in the show were:

Helena Polichnowski, Ethel Lawton, Lenora St. Jean—popular songs. Marguerite Costello, Paul Medolo, George Massey, George Hayes—musical quartet.

Dolly Phair, Mary Plummer—tap dance.

Medolo and Patterson—comedy

Oliver Kirk, Robert Garneau, and Angelo Moschetto—trio.

A dance, "The Big Apple" by a group of freshman girls.

Robert Sullivan, Freshman Class president, opened the program.

Joseph Willis was master of ceremonies.

Thomas Sullivan, Senior Class president, played the piano.

Dancing and refreshments followed the program. Music was provided by Hatch's Orchestra.

Members of the faculty present were: Miss Edith L. Pierce, Miss Mildred E. Green, Miss Alice M. Neal, Miss Mary Buckley, Miss Eileen McAloon, Mr. James Cavalieri, Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Pitkin, Mr. and Mrs. Alvah G. Hayes, Miss Edith Jensen.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM GIVEN

The student body and faculty were excellently entertained on February 2 by an amusing playlet, "How Vulgar," sponsored by the Dramatic Club. The acting assignments were very ably handled by Mary Dandeneau, Hazel Blanch, Mariette Nussbaum, William Mackie, Michael Koroskys, and John Fletcher.

ALUMNI NOTES

Class of 1937

Marion S. Bamford—At home.

Caroline Barker—Jackson College, Secretary of Freshman Class.

Paul Bixby—Tufts College.

Needham B. Brown—Lowell Textile.

Rosemary B. Cashman—Miss Allen's Costume School.

Edna Cassidy—Stephen Memorial Library

Olga Ceplikas—Training for nurse. nurse in February.

John T. Chadwick—N. H. State.

Barbara M. Chase—At home.

Evelyn Clark—McIntosh Commercial School.

Stuart J. Coughlin, Jr.—At home.

Mary Curtin—P. G. at Johnson.

Helen Daw—P. G. at Johnson.

George A. Dehullu—Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Ill.

Anthony Detora—Working.

Doris M. Dimery—Bridgewater State Teachers' College.

Margaret A. Dineen—At home.

Eileen M. Doherty—Working.

Marie M. Dolan—Lowell State Teachers' College.

Mary P. Donnelly—At home.

Alice B. Emmason—At home.

Walter Fredrick—Working.

Mason L. Downing—M. I. T.

Warren Drew—P. G. at Johnson.

Ruth E. Drummond—Working at the Library. Train for nurse in Feb.

Barbara J. Eldredge—Lowell State Teachers' College.

Robert B. Galaher—P. G. at Johnson.

Phyllis L. Gallant—Working.

Olive M. Grove—Working.

Alice T. Hajdys—Working.

James A. Hargreaves—Northeastern.

Horace J. Hayman—P. G. at Johnson.

Jackson Hayman—Wentworth Institute.

William E. Holt—Essex Agricultural School.

Joseph K. Kattar—Mass. Institute of Pharmacy.

Ruth M. Keating—McIntosh Commercial School.

Doris V. Kent—Working.

John A. Klufts—Working.

Frances A. Kmiec—Working.

Barbara Knowles—McIntosh Commercial School. Works evenings.

Rachel J. Kruschwitz—Essex Agricultural School.

Carl E. Lager, Jr.—Parks National Aeronautical, St. Louis, Mo.

Dorothy Lord—Burdett.

Chester E. Lundquist—Working.

Joseph A. Maker—Working.

Francis P. Murphy—Boston College.

Elinith D. McCubbin—Working.

Dorothy A. McGregor—At home.

Rose S. McEvoy—McIntosh Commercial. Works evenings.
 Thomas McKiernan—At home.
 Annie H. M. McNeil—At home.
 Margaret C. McRobbie—Married to George Banker '36.
 Julia Narushof—Working.
 John A. Patterson—Working.
 Isabelle Phelan—Jackson College.
 Gilbert O. Rea—At home.
 Ernest J. Roberts—Working.
 Walter C. Roberts—St. John's Prep.
 William H. Roberts—At home.
 Dorothy E. Rokes—Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School in Boston.
 Mary C. Routhier—Working.
 Robert L. Sandborn—Working.
 Emily L. Sanderson—McIntosh Commercial School.
 Evelyn S. Sauvageot—Hairdressing.
 Frank H. Spofford—Lowell Textile.
 Katherine Sheridan—Boston Univ.
 Norman A. Stead—Northeastern.
 Gordon Thurlow—Working.
 Mary E. Thompson—P. G. at Johnson.
 Pearl Waterhouse—Working.
 Harold West—Working.
 Mary G. Wilcox—Wilfred Academy.
 James E. Williams—P. G. at Johnson.
 Everett R. Woodhouse—At home.
 Mildred I. Dill—Married.

Charles J. Donlan, class of '38, has been elected a member of the Honorary Engineering Fraternity at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Paul Bixby, class of '37, is a candidate for the freshman track team at Tufts College. Bixby is a freshman in the Engineering Department of Tufts.

William Graham, class of '34, is now President of the Interfraternity Council of Massachusetts State College.

* * *

A gala holiday reunion between the classes of '34 and '35 was held at the North Andover Clubhouse on Wednesday evening, December 29. Dancing, bowling, billiards, pool and ping-pong were enjoyed. A large number of the classes attended the reunion.

A reunion of the classes of '36 and '37 was held at the North Andover Clubhouse on Wednesday evening, November 24. A varied program of entertainment was provided. A large representation enjoyed the reunion.

Miss Helen A. Walker, class of '34, is now president of the Musical Clubs of Framingham State Teachers' College.



ATHLETICS



GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

The Johnson High School girls' basketball season opened for the year with its first game opposite our Alumnae girls. The game was held in our gymnasium, December 22, and a large number of enthusiastic fans were there for the occasion.

The game, being the first one of

the season, lacked the finesse that is derived from a great amount of practice, and last year's champions, who had not lost their speed, were triumphant.

A little disheartened, but nevertheless determined to keep on fighting, the girls played the team from Wilmington High School here in our gymnasium, Thursday, January 6.

Again the girls lost, but by only one rival basket.

Two games lost didn't dampen the girls' spirits, and when they met the girls from Chelmsford High School, Wednesday, January 12, nothing could hold them; and thus came the season's first victory.

On January 18, in our gymnasium in the afternoon, the girls played a winning game with Methuen. Thus followed in quick succession, victory number two for the girls.

Two days later, January 20, was to be a real test, for the Howe High girls, thus far unbeaten, were to play in our gymnasium. They thought Johnson would be easy prey, but we took them by storm and our girls won the game.

SEASON'S VARSITY TEAM

Forwards: Marcia Barker, Frances McRobbie.

Centers: Captain Elizabeth Rennie, Annette Silverstein.

Guards: Lillian Maker, Veronica Fitzgerald.

SUMMARY OF GAMES

Dec. 22	Johnson	23	Alumnae	29
Jan. 6	Johnson	16	Wilmington	18
Jan. 12	Johnson	21	Chelmsford	13
Jan. 18	Johnson	24	Methuen	13
Jan. 20	Johnson	20	Howe	14

BOYS' BASKETBALL BEGINS

Mr. Cavalieri called the first practice session of the boys' basketball squad for Monday evening, December 1. In spite of the rainy weather, approximately fifty aspirants answered the call.

The practice consisted of shooting and passing. A short scrimmage was held between the more experienced members of the squad.

Fred Coram is the captain of this year's team.

Although the entire first team was lost through graduation last year, the outlook is very favorable for another

championship team. Among those who played on the "A" squad last year are: Captain Coram, Donnelly, Evangelos, Barwell, and Foster.

After a few strenuous practices Coach Cavalieri named the following starting line-up: Captain Coram, left forward; Donnelly, right forward; Foster, center; Hayes, left guard; Evangelos, right guard.

On December 24, the Johnson High quintet opened its season by defeating the Alumni team in a very thrilling battle. Led by Captain Coram, the Johnson boys presented a defense that was hard for the older boys to solve. The boys passed rapidly and accurately, except in a few minor cases. Coram was high point scorer with eight points. The final score was 22 to 16.

On January 6, Johnson pried off the lid of the Lowell Suburban League, by defeating Wilmington 19 to 12. Left Forward Russell Donnelly was high point scorer, sinking four beautiful shots from the floor. Captain Coram and Pete Evangelos featured on defense, keeping the situation well under control. Mr. Cavalieri made one change in his line-up, Barwell replacing Hayes at left guard.

On January 10, Johnson traveled to Methuen and met their first taste of defeat in three starts. The score was 18 to 14. The game was fast and exciting, but it seemed that Johnson couldn't manage a man to man defense the Methuen boys offered. They are used to playing a five man defense on their own floor, but gave the suburban boys a run for their money. Captain Coram and Donnelly, the two men on the forward wall, played their expected fine game, with Foster, Evangelos, and Barwell passing and shooting well.

January 13. Johnson again broke into the win column, by defeating

Chelmsford 13 to 10. After losing their last game to Methuen, the boys came back to a splendid victory which put the Johnson boys in a three-way tie for first place. Bud Barwell again was the outstanding performer of the evening with his superb defense work. The game started out very fast, but the legs soon grew weary and from the third period the boys played a defensive game.

January 15. The Johnson team added another victim to their list when they took Acton to the tune of 15 to 10. The game was rough but exciting. Bud Barwell came through in this game, snaring most of the rebounds. There was a marked improvement in the passing and shooting of the J. H. S. boys.

January 18. Punchard defeated the Johnson boys. We were plugged to the tune of 19 to 12. The boys couldn't seem to get going on the spacious floor that Andover has to offer, and added to the wild shooting and rare passing the boys decided they would have to go to work on them on their own floor. Walker and Bisset were outstanding for Andover, while Foster came through with six points for J. H. S. The boys are still in a tie for first place in the league so they didn't feel too badly.

January 20. Johnson won its fourth straight victory when they defeated Howe High by the sweet score of 17 to 12. Led by the two offensive stars, Captain Fred Coram and Russ Donnelly, the Johnson boys presented a barrage that the Howe boys could not cope with. Johnson displayed a fine game both offensively and defensively. Even though the tall boys from Billerica came through the Johnson defense, Pete Evangelos and Bud Barwell were there to stop them. The game opened rather rough, but as the Howe boys found

out that our boys could handle themselves, they played a better game.

January 26. Johnson High opened relations with Andover Academy. Playing the Junior Varsity, they came through with a fine win of 38 to 24. Our flashy left forward, Russell Donnelly, was the outstanding floor shooter with fourteen points. Bud Barwell also contributed his bit by adding eight points to the cause. Captain Coram and Foster played good ball and our diminutive "Pete" shot some nice long shots. The Andover boys were a fine group of young men and we hope to meet them in competition more often.

Individual Scoring

Player	Baskets	Fouls	Total
Capt. Fred Coram	20	4	44
Russell Donnelly	25	0	50
Charles Foster	11	2	24
Herbert Barwell	6	3	15
Peter Evangelos	2	3	7
Total			140

Scores of games since January 26:
Johnson 38 Phillips Academy

	Junior Varsity	24
Johnson 19	Tewksbury	36
Johnson 10	Chelmsford	16

WITH THE SECOND TEAM

The members of the Johnson High Seconds are rather put out. They are never mentioned in the write-ups, because they never see varsity action. This is not the coach's fault, because competition is so keen this year he can't afford to take any chances. The second team, however, has played four games this year, winning three and losing one. Because of his hard work and knowledge of the game, Edwin Cunningham was chosen to lead the second team as Captain.

The first contest they engaged in was with the Seconds of Methuen High. They won this game after a hard-fought battle. Cunningham was high point scorer with four baskets

making a total of eight points. Banker and Hayes each contributed a point each.

The second of the season for them was with Acton. This game was very one-sided and Johnson swamped a diminutive Acton Second team. This game was very rough, with Johnson doing most of the roughing. Bing Miller and Hayes were outstanding, while Captain Cunningham played a neat game also.

Their third game was with our well-known rival Punchard. This was the first and only defeat so far this season for our boys, as they lost a hard-fought battle 12-11. At the end

of the first half the Johnson boys seemed to have the game in the well-known bag, but the Punchard boys came back in the closing minutes and sank some beautiful shots to pull the game out of the fire.

The last game they have played so far this season, was with the Pony Squad Reserves. This was a very thrilling battle which the Johnson boys won 16 to 15. James Hayes was the fair-haired boy in this case, sinking the winning basket with but two minutes to play. Captain Cunningham inspired his team to a winning pitch, by sinking the first six by himself.



EXCHANGES



The Little Red Schoolhouse from Athol High has proved itself a real friend. This paper has a wealth of school news which, combined with editorials and jokes makes a paper well worth its price.

Again from Beverly High we have the *Aegis*. Your Christmas articles were particularly well done, but a personal touch, in the form of school news, would round out your paper.

Essex Agricultural School has sent us their *Green and White*. We notice that Billy Holt, ex-Johnsonite, is continuing his literary work. On the whole it is a well-developed book.

The Record of Newburyport High School, is practically a book, containing eighty pages. It is well balanced. We noticed that the alumni editors of this magazine are former students at N. H. S. This seems like a good idea as they are unquestionably better informed on the doings of the alumni than are the undergraduates.

From Manning High of Ipswich we have received the *Cub*. In picking their All-Opponent football team they selected Sullivan and Crompton for the team, and gave Bob Sullivan and John Dilendik honorable mention. We admit that our Captain Sullivan is a great athlete but we cannot say with them that he is a fiery red-head.

Tewksbury *Hi-Lights* has an excellent literary section. However, many spelling errors were noted. The most serious offense was against your teachers as *Faculty* was misspelled.

A newcomer to our Exchange column is *Rocks and Pebbles* from Rockport High School. Your cartoons were interesting and your poems were excellent. Keep up the good work.

From Kittery, Maine, comes the *Traip Tatler*, a well-planned paper. School news would help the *Tatler* considerably.



HUMOR



A Freshman knows nothing and knows that he knows nothing.

A Sophomore knows nothing but does not know that he does not know.

A Junior knows but does not know that he knows.

A Senior knows, knows that he does know and wants everybody to know that he knows.

Miss Kelly: "What is raised in countries that have wet climates?"

Amshey: "Umbrellas."

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,
And watched with expressions pained,
The milkmaid's stunts,
And both said together,
"Our relations are getting strained."

I'm asking for more electricity
over here, do you understand?

Yes, Madam, more power to you.

Gus: "The horn on your car must be broken."

Mr. W: "No, it's just indifferent."

Gus: "Just indifferent?"

Mr. W.: "Yes, it doesn't give a hoot."

How do they get their names?

Maltese Cat: A cat especially adapted for mauling and teasing.

Persian Cat: Recognized by their continuous purring.

Angora Cat: (Pronounced Angorie) A bad tempered animal.

Mr. Donovan: "Hatch, what has become of your ethics?"

Hatch: "Oh, I traded it for a Ford."

Miss Chapman: "How can we make antifreeze?"

Ingenious Student: "By stealing her woolen pajamas."

Mary had a little lamb,
Some lobster and some prunes,
A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
And then some macaroons,
It made the naughty waiters grin,
To see her order so,
And when they carried Mary out,
Her face was white as snow.

She: "How do they get the water in a watermelon?"

He: "They plant the seeds in the spring."

Mrs. W.: "What! You have been fishing all day and all you have to show for it is an old boot?"

Mr. W.: "Well, I fished for you for three years and all I got was a lemon."

Blizzard: Something inside a chicken.

Jeopardize: An act by an infuriated jeopard.

Stoic: What brings the baby.

Cynic: What we wash him in.

And there was Bill who owned a billboard. Having a board bill which bored Bill, Bill sold the billboard and the board bill no longer bored Bill.

A fisherman once named Fischer
Fished from the edge of a fissure
Till a Cod with his fin
Flopped the fisherman in
The finis of the fisher named Fischer.

We are indebted to current publications for our jokes.

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